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# THE HOOF-BEATS OF THE YEARS.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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I FEEL on my bosom  
The hoof-beats of the years—  
They trample me down.  
I raise bruised arms against them,  
But in vain. They trample me down.

I hear everywhere the clamor of life,  
The groanings of effort rolling the stones up-hill,  
The clang of the hammer, the burst  
Of steam, the grinding of wheels, the blast  
Of truculent whistles, and booming of bells,  
And strident chorus of languages everywhere  
In the Babel of labor; and under it all  
The tiny voices of those, the Giants of toil,  
The Achievers, whose sound is so fine,  
So ethereal fine, to our ears that we hear not  
As they work in a seeming silence profound—  
They, the Great Ones, the Kings of all labor,  
Beside whose grandeur of work  
Our own is as chaff in the wind—  
Those artisans of universes, makers of stars and suns,  
The Cell-builders, God's own handmen.  
For them is the harmony eternal!  
They feel not the griding of years!

But I—I—the human standing at bay,  
Who am not told God's secrets, who learn  
And unlearn in sweat and in tears,  
I it is who feel the hoof-beats of the years

Trampling out of my bosom  
Its very heart—down to the dust.

Yet from this dust I arise,  
I arise and go to God,  
And ask again my eternal questions;  
And though He answers me naught,  
Though He leaves me to suffer—  
Me, a part of Him—  
To suffer alone and apart from Him,  
He gives me somehow, somewhere, to know  
That, though the hoof-beats of the years  
Beat out my heart from my bosom,  
Down, down to the dust,  
Yet they cannot kill my soul—  
The flamelike, exuberant soul that He made  
And sowed with the seed of His Soul—  
Nor cut it off forever from Him.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.